

4. Mark'd ye his words? he would not take ſ Crown,  
Therefore 'tis certaine, he was not Ambitious.

1. If it be found ſo, ſome will deere abide it.
2. Poore ſoule, his eyes are red as fire with weeping.
3. There's not a Nobler man in Rome then Antony.
4. Now marke him, he begins againe to ſpeake.

Ant. But yefterday, the word of Caesar might  
Haue ſtood againſt the World: Now lies he there,  
And none ſo poore to do him reuerence.  
O Maſters! If I were diſpos'd to ſtirre  
Your hearts and mindes to Mutiny and Rage,  
I ſhould do Brutus wrong, and Caſſius wrong:  
Who (you all know) are Honourable men.  
I will not do them wrong: I rather chooſe  
To wrong the dead, to wrong my ſelfe and you,  
Then I will wrong ſuch Honourable men.  
But heere's a Parchment, with the Seale of Caesar,  
I found it in his Cloſſet, 'tis his Will:  
Let but the Commons heare this Teſtament:  
(Which pardon me) I do not meane to reade,  
And they would go and kiſſe dead Caſars wounds,  
And dip their Napkins in his Sacred Blood;  
Yea, begge a haire of him for Memory,  
And dying, mention it within their Willes,  
Bequeathing it as a rich Legacie  
Vnto their iſſue.

4. Wee'l heare the Will, reade it Marke Antony.

All. The Will, the Will; we will heare Caſars Will.

Ant. Haue patience gentle Friends, I muſt not read it.  
It is not meete you know how Caſar lou'd you:  
You are not Wood, you are not Stones, but men:  
And being men, hearing the Will of Caſar,  
It will inflame you, it will make you mad;  
'Tis good you know not that you are his Heires,  
For if you ſhould, O what would come of it?

4. Read the Will, wee'l heare it Antony.

You ſhall reade vs the Will, Caſars Will.

Ant. Will you be Patient? Will you ſtay a-while?

I haue o're-shot my ſelfe to tell you of it,

I feare I wrong the Honourable men,

Whoſe Daggers haue ſtabb'd Caſar: I do feare it,

4. They were Traitors: Honourable men?

All. The Will, the Teſtament.

2. They were Villaines, Murderers: the Will, read the Will.

Ant. You will compell me then to read the Will:

Then make a Ring about the Corpes of Caſar,

And let me ſhew you him that made the Will:

Shall I deſcend? And will you giue me leaue?

All. Come downe.

2. Deſcend.

3. You ſhall haue leaue.

4. A Ring, ſtand round.

1. Stand from the Hearſe, ſtand from the Body.

2. Roome for Antony, moſt Noble Antony.

Ant. Nay preſſe not ſo vpon me, ſtand farre off.

All. Stand backe: roome, beare backe.

Ant. If you haue teares, prepare to ſhed them now.

You all do know this Mantle, I remember

The firſt time euer Caſar put it on,

'Twas on a Summers Euening in his Tent,

That day he ouercame the Neruij.

Looke in this place ran Caſſius Dagger through:

See what a rent the enuious Caska made:

Through this, the wel-beloued Brutus ſtabb'd,

And as he pluck'd his curſed Steele away:

Marke how the blood of Caſar followed it,  
As ruſhing out of doores, to be reſolu'd  
If Brutus ſo vnkindly knock'd, or no:  
For Brutus, as you know, was Caſars Angel.  
Iudge, O you Gods, how deere Caſar lou'd him:  
This was the moſt vnkindeſt cut of all.  
For when the Noble Caſar ſaw him ſtab,  
Ingratitude, more ſtrong then Traitors armes,  
Quite vanquiſh'd him: then burſt his Mighty heart,  
And in his Mantle, muſſing vp his face,  
Euen at the Baſe of Pompeys Statue  
(Which all the while ran blood) great Caſar fell.  
O what a fall was there, my Countrymen?  
Then I, and you, and all of vs fell downe,  
Whilſt bloody Treafon flouriſh'd ouer vs.  
O now you weepe, and I percieue you feele  
The dint of pittie: Theſe are gracious dropes.  
Kinde Soules, what weepe you, when you but behold  
Our Caſars Veſture wounded? Looke you heere,  
Heere is Himſelfe, marr'd as you ſee with Traitors.

1. O pittieous ſpectacle!

2. O Noble Caſar!

3. O wofull day!

4. O Traitors, Villaines!

1. O moſt bloody fight!

2. We will be reueng'd: Reuenge

About, ſeeke, burne, fire, kill, ſlay,

Let not a Traitor liue.

Ant. Stay Country-men.

1. Peace there, heare the Noble Antony.

2. Wee'l heare him, wee'l follow him, wee'l dy with him.

Ant. Good Friends, ſweet Friends, let me not ſtirre

To ſuch a ſodaine Flood of Mutiny:

They that haue done this Deede, are honourable,

What priuate griefes they haue, alas I know not,

That madethem do it: They are Wiſe, and Honourable,

And will no doubt with Reaſons answer you.

I come not (Friends) to ſteale away your hearts,

I am no Orator, as Brutus is;

But (as you know me all) a plaine blunt man

That loue my Friend, and that they know full well,

That gaue me publike leaue to ſpeake of him:

For I haue neyther writ nor words, nor worth,

Action, nor Vtterance, nor the power of Speech,

To ſtirre mens Blood. I onely ſpeake right on:

I tell you that, which you your ſelues do know,

Shew you ſweet Caſars wounds, poor poor dum mouths

And bid them ſpeake for me: But were I Brutus,

And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony

Would ruffle vp your Spirits, and put a Tongue

In euery Wound of Caſar, that ſhould moue

The ſtones of Rome, to riſe and Mutiny.

All. Wee'l Mutiny.

1. Wee'l burne the houſe of Brutus.

3. Away then, come, ſeeke the Conſpirators.

Ant. Yet heare me Countrymen, yet heare me ſpeake

All. Peace hoe, heare Antony, moſt Noble Antony.

Ant. Why Friends, you go to do you know not what:

Wherein hath Caſar thus deſer'd your loues?

Alas you know not, I muſt tell you then:

You haue forgot the Will I told you of.

All. Moſt true, the Will, let's ſtay and heare the Will.

Ant. Heere is the Will, and vnder Caſars Seale:

To euery Roman Citizen he giues,

To euery ſeueral man, ſeuenty ſiue Drachmaes.

2. Ple.

2. Ple. Moſt Noble Caſar, wee'l reuenge his death.

3. Ple. O Royall Caſar.

Ant. Heare me with patience.

All. Peace hoe

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his Walkes,

His priuate Arbors, and new-planted Orchards,

On this ſide Tyber, he hath left them you,

And to your heyres for euer: common pleaſures

To walke abroad, and recreate your ſelues.

Heere was a Caſar: when comes ſuch another?

1. Ple. Neuer, neuer: come, away, away:

Wee'l burne his body in the holy place,

And with the Brands fire the Traitors houſes.

Take vp the body.

2. Ple. Go ſetch fire.

3. Ple. Plucke downe Benches.

4. Ple. Plucke downe Formes, Windowes, any thing.

Exit Plebeians.

Ant. Now let it worke: Miſcheefe thou art a-foot,

Take thou what courſe thou wilt.

How now Fellow?

Enter Seruant.

Ser. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is hee?

Ser. He and Lepidus are at Caſars houſe.

Ant. And thither will I ſtraight, to viſit him:

He comes vpon a wiſh. Fortune is merry,

And in this mood will giue vs any thing.

Ser. I heard him ſay, Brutus and Caſſius

Are rid like Madmen through the Gates of Rome.

Ant. Belike they had ſome notice of the people

How I had moued them. Bring me to Octavius. Exit

Enter Cinna the Poet, and after him the Plebeians.

Cinna. I dreamt to night, that I did feaſt with Caſar,

And things vnluckily charge my Fantſie:

I haue no will to wander forth of doores,

Yet ſomething leads me forth.

1. What is your name?

2. Whether are you going?

3. Where do you dwell?

4. Are you a married man, or a Batchellor?

2. Answer euery man directly.

1. I, and breecely.

4. I, and wiſely.

3. I, and truly, you were beſt.

Cin. What is my name? Whether am I going? Where

do I dwell? Am I a married man, or a Batchellor? Then

to answer euery man, directly and breecely, wiſely and

truly: wiſely I ſay, I am a Batchellor.

2. That's as much as to ſay, they are fooles that mar-

rie: you'l beare me a bang for that I feare: proceede di-

rectly.

Cinna. Directly I am going to Caſars Funerall.

1. As a Friend, or an Enemy?

Cinna. As a friend.

2. That matter is answered directly.

4. For your dwelling: breecely.

Cinna. Breecely, I dwell by the Capitoll.

3. Your name ſit, truly.

Cinna. Truly, my name is Cinna.

1. Teare him to peeces, hee's a Conſpirator.

Cinna. I am Cinna the Poet: I am Cinna the Poet.

4. Teare him for his bad verſes, teare him for his bad

Verſes.

Cin. I am not Cinna the Conſpirator.

4. It is no matter, his name's Cinna, plucke but his  
name out of his heart, and turne him going.

3. Teare him, teare him; Come Brands hoe, Firebrands:  
to Brutus, to Caſſius, burne all. Some to Decius Houſe,  
and ſome to Caska's; ſome to Ligarius: Away, go.

Exit all the Plebeians.

## Actus Quartus.

Enter Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus.

Ant. Theſe many then ſhall die, their names are prickt

Octa. Your Brother too muſt dye: conſent you Lepidus?

Lep. I do conſent.

Octa. Pricke him downe Antony.

Lep. Vpon condition Publius ſhall not liue,

Who is your Siſters ſonne, Marke Antony.

Ant. He ſhall not liue; looke, with a ſpot I dam him,

But Lepidus, go you to Caſars houſe:

Fetch the Will hither, and we ſhall determine

How to cut off ſome charge in Legacies.

Lep. What? ſhall I finde you heere?

Octa. Or heere, or at the Capitoll. Exit Lepidus

Ant. This is a ſlight vnumerable man,

Meet to be ſent on Errands: is it fit

The three-fold World diuided, he ſhould ſtand,

One of the three to ſhare it?

Octa. So you thought him,

And tooke his voyce who ſhould be prickt to dye

In our blacke Sentence and Proſcription.

Ant. Octavius, I haue ſcene more dayes then you,

And though we lay theſe Honours on this man,

To eaſe our ſelues of diuers ſtand'rous loads,

He ſhall but beare them, as the Aſſe beares Gold,

To groane and ſweat vnder the Buſineſſe,

Either led or driuen, as we point the way:

And hauing brought our Treafure, where we will,

Then take we downe his Load, and turne him off

(Like to the empty Aſſe) to thake his eares,

And graze in Commons.

Octa. You may do your will:

But hee's a tried, and valiant Souldier.

Ant. So is my Horſe Octavius, and for that

I do appoint him ſtore of Prouender.

It is a Creature that I teach to fight,

To winde, to ſtop, to run directly on:

His corporall Motion, govern'd by my Spirit,

And in ſome taſte, is Lepidus but ſo:

He muſt be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth:

A barren ſpirited Fellow; one that feeds

On Obiects, Arts, and Imitations.

Which out of uſe, and ſtall'd by other men

Begin his faſhion. Do not talke of him,

But as a property: and now Octavius,

Liſten great things. Brutus and Caſſius

Are leuying Powers; We muſt ſtraight make head:

Therefore let our Alliance be combin'd,

Our beſt Friends made, our meanes ſtrecht,

And let vs preſently go ſit in Councell,

How couert matters may be beſt diſclos'd,

And open Perils ſureſt answered.

Octa. Let vs do ſo: for we are at the ſtake,

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And